THE CHILHOWEE ECHO

A Woman's Journal

VOL. 1. KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE NOVEMBER 25, 1899. NO. 5.

RETROSPECTIVE.

EBON B. HOPE.

'Tis sweet to sit at close of day,
And backward gaze
Upon the dreamy, distant past,
The olden days.

When storm-clouds hurry athwart the sky,
Fond hopes to blast,
Gladly the weary, watching eye,
Turn on the past.

Though fate extend to me the cup
Of bitter pain,
And sound the knell of youthful hope,
I'll not complain.

For memory will then revive,
With magic power,
And sweet aroma yet distill,
From faded flowers.

AT STAMORE'S.

M. BYNUM.

AFTER nine o'clock. A summer's night. The small lamp on the table cast a yellowish glow over the white paper upon which the tracery of closely written words rapidly appeared. The hand of the writer was not stayed, though peals of laughter, ringing applause, rag-time music filled the air and proclaimed the mirthful progress of the waiters' cake-walk in the crude but spacious ball-room on the slope below the hotel building.

Oblivious to the hilarity down there, she hurriedly, eagerly wrote:

Dear, DEAR Justin—Once again at Stamore's. And yet can it be? I have been trying so hard to make it all seem as that other summer. How different—though strangely familiar too—everything looked as we drove along the old red road from the station to-day!

Helen sat by my side—just as on that other late afternoon, and though she appeared smilingly content, the sight of her sent another pang through my already aching heart. Can you believe that she is no longer the same Helen to me? Though we love each other dearly our hopes, our sympathies, our very lives, are no longer in touch. It [illegible] never [illegible] though all [illegible]

We did not plan and chatter and laugh as we jolted along in the big, clumsy hack. We did not cry out in the ecstacy of our delight and admiration as we reached the long, shaded curve skirting the woodland, nor as we passed the wide fields of heavy-headed millet. We gazed with dreaming eyes across the dear old river as we forded, and though down beyond the ferry the great fern-covered boulder still gave picturesque background to the idle boat upon the water, we only mutely recognized its beauty, and, turning, looked speechlessly out to the mountains, paling now and seeming far away.

Even when we reached the narrow, shaded lane leading from the road to the hotel grounds I could speak only with a choking effort, though Helen seemed glad that our journey was ended. (Justin, do you not remember that green lane where we strolled so often in those August days?) I could not wave this time to the merry troops of children running down to meet us, nor ply them with questions as they clambered noisily about us. In vain, on the hotel gallery, I looked for familiar faces. Many faces were there, but all strange. Why—tell me why?—Justin, did my glance wander down the long gallery to discover if, perchance, a tall figure leaned against the last pillar and watched with half-amused unconcern the whole frivolous proceeding—the old guests greeting the new? Yes, Justin, I acknowledge it. I looked again for you. But no eyes looked straight into mine and no soul revealed itself as my glance lingered there where I had first seen you.

I walked up to the spring after supper with Helen. It was dark, and the cup was bitter. You have not forgotten, Justin, that we met at the spring after supper and you proffered me the first cup of water? O, for the light heart of that night, forever gone! To-night, though I stood at the spring among a happy, heedless, quaffing throng, I heard only the great, lonesome Lombardy poplars sighing intermittently with the passing breeze. "Poor, poor trees," I thought, "how I pity you. Will you not take my sad secret, too, and let me into your confidence?" With abject yearning I turned to them, but with calm contempt they spurned my sympathy, and gloomily lifting themselves towards the darkened sky, stood as spectral sentinels—silently unresponsive.

But why write on? Can you not see that my heart has been breaking all these weary years? And the fault has been mine. It was I who quarreled, and for a groundless jealousy. I know it now—I did not then. I was sincere, dear, but unreasonable. Can you blame me that I misunderstood?

So distinctly now I remember your last words at the ball-room door. I had turned angrily away to leave you. I tried not to hear, but you made me. To-night I am heeding those words as again they ring through my soul: "Call me back again when you will, little Marjorie, and I will come, if need be, from the uttermost part of the earth. But not till you've called will I come to you again. Marjorie, you have hurt me more than you can ever know. And believe me, this has been no mere summer's pastime on my part."

Ah, these words have burned so long and so deep in my memory. But I could never break my pride and acknowledge—and I thought you WOULD come back some time. But, Justin, these five long years I've waited in vain.

I laughed that night as I left you and joined John Reynolds in the wooing waltz. Next morning I hoped you would note how merrily I could flirt with John at breakfast, but you had gone on the first morning hack.

To-night I can see from my window that the ball-room again is ablaze. Now the cake-walk has ended and bright, beautiful faces flit past the windows and smile; the music steals sweetly, pathetically into my soul and pleads with my pride. I am softened—to tears. O, Justin, don't look at me so, I am weeping. Only come back and forgive. MARJORIE.

"How weak to send out a tear-stained letter. I wonder if it is too wet to burn?"

She held the light of a match to the dainty white pages that fluttered from her finger-tips. Slowly, slowly the words wrung from her heart were consumed in the torturing flame, and the life of her being seemed to have spent itself as the last shriveled page fell and shattered—a crisp, blackened heap—in her hand.

She looked at her watch. It was ten. Helen was still in the ball-room, and once more Marjorie took up her pen. Calmly and with steady hand she wrote this note:

Stamore Springs, August 4, 1899.

Dear Mr. Glover—We are once again at Stamore's. Come up and join us as soon as you can. Sincerely,

MARJORIE GATES.

He will understand, she thought, as she folded the note away.

Not many days later her fingers trembled and her face blanched as she read:

New Orleans, La., August 10, 1899.

My Dear Miss Gates—I took the liberty to open your note addressed to my brother, who died last Friday night, (August 4th,) at ten o'clock. Only a little hour previous to his death, which came unexpectedly, he expressed the desire to start for the mountains as soon as he was able to travel, that he might recuperate again at Stamore's. I judge that you were one of his special friends, and send you by to-day's mail papers containing the details of his illness and death. Very truly,

GEO. W. GLOVER.

Marjorie did not swoon as she finished reading, but a heaven-born light came into her eyes as she repeated to herself again and again: "Reconciled, Justin, in that hour of death. You still lived while I made my confession—and knew. Thank God!"

She did not confide in Helen. She packed her trunk that night and left the Springs—but never its memories—the following morning.

THERE IS NO UNBELIEF.

(Lizzie York Case.)

There is no Unbelief!
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts he in God.

There is no Unbelief!
Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,
Trusts the most High.

There is no Unbelief!
Whoever sees 'neath Winter's fields of snow
The silent harvests of the future grow,
God's power must know.

There is no Unbelief!
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

There is no Unbelief!
Whoever says to-morrow, the unknown,
The future, trusts that power alone
He dare disown.

There is no Unbelief!
The heart that looks on when dear eyelids close
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no Unbelief!
For thus by day and night unconsciously
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
God knoweth why.

At the seventeenth annual convention of the Woman's Relief Corps, which was held in Philadelphia, the treasurer's report showed that during the year $161,019.67 had been expended for the relief of veterans.

CONVENTION ECHOES.

EN ROUTE, November 18.—The social side of the recent convention of United Daughters of the Confederacy, at Richmond, was so highly developed as to seriously interfere with the official or business side, but truly delightful it proved to each and every one of the visitors. The governor's reception was the inaugural of a series of brilliant entertainments. The crush here was at least distantly related to the presidential jams. One's complacency over her personal appointment soon collapsed into an amazed acceptance of the indubitable conviction that she was a mere atom, infinitesimal at that, in the feminine economy. Save for a sort of flash-light, made up of spacious rooms, glowing chrysanthemums, electric lights and well-gowned women in kaleidoscopic tints, with a really encouraging smattering of the sex masculine, one saw little upon this occasion. By the way, this was the first and only time the men honored themselves (?) by showing at any of the week's festivities. The Daughters of the Confederacy were evidently of mien too warlike to invite closer inspection.

A charming occasion was the afternoon tea tendered by Mrs. Taylor Ellison, and another given by Mrs. Claiborne was delightful. These, as expressed by one of the hostesses, were "run in on a temporary side-track;" for the time was brimming over with every conceivable engagement. Of course the event socially was the Wednesday night reception at the Jefferson, tendered by the Richmond Chapter to the visiting Daughters of the Confederacy. The already superb hotel was gorgeous in its specially donned regalia of floral decorations and the Confederate red, white and red that gleamed conspicuously about the noble rooms. The receiving party, with Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Hayes, and Mr. and Mrs. Pulitzer, of New York World fame, at the head of the line, stood in one of the rich par[illegible] [illegible] you will of the wid[illegible] [illegible] Confederate Presid[illegible] vis is a marvelous woman. In the afternoon of this same day she had participated in most solemn and touching ceremonies incident to the unveiling of a bronze tablet placed in St. Paul's church by a friend, in memory of her noted daughter. Yet there she sat and without faltering went through the tremendous task of greeting the vast crowd which pressed forward, some from desire to offer homage, the majority mere curiosity-seekers. In a conversation later with Mrs. Davis, she furnished a clearer insight into her character and motives. You know, of course, she has been a mark for much and bitter criticism, even in the South. She said, "My dear, you will hear me harshly judged for remaining in the North. I want you to know that I am a scribbler and by keeping my postoffice in New York city I am enabled to add $1,500 to my income, and thereby have earned the privilege of erecting memorials to my dead." Is not this both reasonable and natural? Mrs. Hayes—"My Maggie," to her mother—is a lovely looking woman, combining a striking dignity with sweet graciousness and a most gentle, womanly manner. It occurred to me during the recent ovation to the memory of her younger sister that a lack of appreciation had been shown one perhaps equally deserving praise and admiration.

Returning to the Jefferson reception—the toilettes were marvels of elegance and variety of fashions. Mrs. Pulitzer, of New York, was somewhat startling to conservative Southern eyes. But for the lack of a finny appendage she might have been termed a black mermaid. She was all scales of jet that fitted her as closely as its skin a fish, with no dearth of serpentine folds following in her wake, however lacking the upper department of a superb and altogether unique costume. At supper I heard a man say, nodding toward her, "Looks as if she began building her outfit at the bottom and the wherewithal gave out at the top and left a gap." That expresses it very well. She owned, I am proud to say, a "corner" in that particular style.

Mrs. Meade, of Petersburg—by the way, a cousin of our Stuart Ashby Allen—was one of the most distinguished women present, not only by her beauty, but because of the "noblesse oblige" stamp that marks her in any assemblage. Mrs. Putney was a tall, handsome woman, with an unlimited supply of fine toilettes. But it is hardly fair to specify, when there was so much to commend.

The reception at the Confederate Museum, the old White House, was interesting. In giving the invitation from the stage, or platform, Mrs. N. V. Randolph, president of the Hostess [illegible]pter, added: "Ladies, there are no [illegible]per tickets. Eat your supper before [illegible]come; this is a Confederate party." [illegible] none the less enjoyable.

[illegible]nd the Tennessee room, the Ten[illegible]see room! I should like to strike [illegible] note till all discord, as it is now, [illegible]ht slip into tune and ring in har[illegible]ny with the rest of the State rooms. [illegible]ust these columns will echo the word [illegible]olate until every Confederate vet[illegible]n, every son and daughter of the [illegible]federacy, will add his or her mite to [illegible]nish a bleak expanse of bare floor [illegible]d wall. In the absence of the Ten[illegible]ssee regent, I had the honor of serv[illegible]g as substitute—by the way, the title "egent" opened up many pleasant by-ways for the Tennessee substitute—but you should have heard me dodging a direct reply to the polite query, "Of which room, did you say?" In strolling about here I met up with Dr. Kent, and felt properly grateful therefor. To his statement that a meeting had brought him to Richmond, I asked, "The U. D. C. meeting?" The vigor of his answer forbids my inscribing it, as vigorous as Dr. Kent ever is in the use of words. Then with a repentant blush he informed me he was in attendance on a religious convention.

The Westmoreland and Cumberland Clubs tendered beautiful receptions to the delegates, but I'm ashamed to confess they made use of proxies. Not a man of them showed up, and some of the delegates were frank enough to confess it was the shell without the kernel. We had an abundant sufficiency of womankind. We longed to satisfy curiosity as to Richmond mankind.

Friday gave us one of our most memorable experiences—lunch at the Soldiers' Home. I wish every Southern man and woman—yes, and Northern, too—might have seen those pale, seamed, wrinkled old veterans drawn up double line to honor their visitors. A bright Daughter of the Confederacy said, "They complain of drought about here, but there's no lack of moisture to-[illegible] They were so pitifully eager to [illegible]onors properly, to show us their [illegible]t in hand, and the bright November [illegible]n shining a benediction on the scene. As a farewell they gave us from the pretty chapel, with its stained glass windows, "God be with you till we meet again." And the old quavering voices sounded sweeter to our ears than a Wagner opera. The halo was somewhat dimmed by the assurance of a Lee Camp veteran—this Home was built and is supported by Lee Camp—that some of them are great old rascals and get drunk every chance they get. Well, why not? What have they left but breath, appetite, a mere handful of years, and their memories. Small wonder if they seek oblivion sometimes.

These are but a few of the efforts for our entertainment during U. D. C. week in Richmond.

Although often hearing of the bond between fraternities and club-men, we never realized it extended to club-women as well until here. The "General Federation Woman's Clubs" badge joining forces with the Ossoli Circle of Knoxville proved an open sesame to a charming club home in Richmond. A card of admittance tendered me the hospitality of the club during my entire stay. Two doors from the Jefferson, it was an oasis to the weary conventionite, lacerated by points of order and questions of privilege. Here in the pretty tea-room, with a deft waitress always in attendance, might be found the cup that cheers, a well-provided desk at which to collect one's scattered wits and send missives of reassurance to the anxious absent, and a library provided with everything worth having in the magazine line. Mrs. Judge L. L. Lewis, the president, a former Tennesseean, is an influence in the social and literary life of the city. Mrs. Lewis was Miss Jane Looney of Memphis, and is an altogether delightful woman, full of breadth and intellectuality. She is much interested in the W. E. I. U. work of Knoxville, and thinks of founding a similar union in Richmond. With an introduction to the Woman's Club from Mrs. Lewis, and Mrs. T. Ashby Weller, formerly of Knoxville, my induction into full club privileges was assured. Ossoli must begin to consider a tea-room. It is the acme of club comfort.

I saw a good deal of a notable Confederate veteran, Mr. Joshua Brown, of New York, who escorted Mrs. Davis to Richmond. Mr. Brown was with Sam Davis, our Tennessee boy, when captured and had a narrow pull for his life. Mr. Brown it was who wrote the most authentic sketch of the boy martyr ever published. He is a genial, fun-loving, reconstructed American—as we all are despite the influx of sentiment that hangs "like the scent of the roses" about those dear dead days, with their radiant hopes and dauntless courage.

A. B. M.

THE ORPHAN'S FRIEND.

(Will Visscher.)

Think you I'll sing a love song?
Indeed I will, and sweet,
And from my heart as true and strong
As in its throbbings might belong
Had it a younger beat.

I'll sing of love that none have seen
Since Christ paid all the debt;
Till came sweet charity's own queen,
As humble as the Nazarene,
Big-hearted Margaret.

A wedded maid and peerless,
With beauty—none at all—
But a soul as pure and fearless,
And as crystal in its clearness
As Eve's before the fall.

Her spouse was simple Tenderness,
Her babes the waifs and strays—
The fatherless and motherless;
The little ones of dark distress,
Along life's rugged ways.

The good, above, will greet thee,
And He who said of old,
"Let little ones come unto Me,"
And blessed them at His holy knee,
Will take thee to His fold.

Thy statue and thy monument
In loving hearts are set;
The emblems of thy good intent—
The work to which thy soul was bent,
Love-sainted Margaret.

"MARGARET."

THERE stands in New Orleans, at the converging of busy ways, a monument to a woman—a woman of humble birth, never widely known, but a saint in the eyes of the people of the city in which she long lived and labored. Why that monument was built and why she is worthy of it, is worth repeating.

Margaret Gaffney, a poor Irish girl, was born in Baltimore, where her parents died of yellow fever while she was a small child. A family named Richards gave her a home until she grew to womanhood, when she married a man named Houghery. They moved to New Orleans, where the husband's health failed. He made a voyage to Ireland with the hope of being benefitted, but he died. Their only child soon followed the father, and the young wife [illegible] vice as a domestic in an orphan asylum founded by that worthy man, Julian Paydreas. For a time this institution was conducted by some Protestant women in conjunction with the Sisters of Charity, but later the Sisters opened a separate institution and Margaret took charge of their dairy. But she also helped them in other branches, and from the beginning proved a true and valued friend to the orphans. There are men living in New Orleans who will tell you that they have seen her wheeling a barrow, loaded with provisions, through the streets to the asylum, the supplies being a gift to the orphans, provided she would thus transport them. She remained with the asylum until it had paid the last dollar of debt; then she engaged in the dairy business on her own account. She prospered from the first, giving the business the closest attention and laboring patiently, incessantly. She often drove one of her own milk carts or bread carts, for in 1860 she opened a bakery in the heart of the city, and this, like the dairy, grew and prospered. "Margaret's Bakery" was one of the best known establishments in the city. It seemed that the more she gave the more she prospered—and her charity was as boundless as it was modest and unpretentious. She gave to the white and the black, Protestant, Catholic, Hebrew—she had sympathy and charity for all, and all she gave was blessed with her love.

Everybody called her "Margaret"—leading citizens, the men of finance and business, delighted to honor her, and the greatest and the humblest were proud to be numbered among her acquaintances. What made the people honor and love this woman—this plain Irish woman, stout and unshapely, with large, red, impassive face, big feet and hands, always homely dress and Shaker bonnet—this simple woman almost wholly without education, without any of the tricks or arts or graces of fashion, society or imparted refinement? Was it because of her loving and constant kindness, her practical sympathy for the weak and the oppressed, for the poor little waifs of the street and the tenement; was it because of her patient industry, unselfish devotion, simple, humble modesty and that charity which envieth not, which vaunteth not itself, which is not puffed up? Whatever the reason, there was in New Orleans no woman of intellect or beauty, or wealth, no grand dame of boasted birth or lineage, whom the city, the people, great and small, honored as they did "Margaret, the Orphan's Friend." Her labor of love ended with her life in 1882. The tribute, one tribute, which the city has paid to her memory is a monument which stands in front of an orphan asylum which she almost built. It is a reproduction of her ungraceful figure in marble, caressing an orphan boy.

"Whatever is in any way beautiful hath its source of beauty in itself, and is complete in itself; praise forms no part of it. So it is none the worse or better for being praised." No words of praise can add to the beauty of this noble woman's life, but so long as there is love of the good and noble in the human heart the memory of "Margaret" will be honored among men.

STORY OF CHARLES LAMB.

Lamb received an invitation on a certain evening to be present at breakfast at Rogers' the following morning, to meet a young author, whose first volume of poetry left the press that day. He went a trifle early and reached the waiting-room while it was vacant, Rogers not having come down and none of the guests having arrived. On a table lay a copy of the young poet's new book. Lamb picked it up, ran through it, saw that it contained nothing of any special mark, and then, in a few minutes yet remaining, amused himself by committing to memory three or four of the short poems it contained.

The guests arrived—among them the young aspirant for honors. Some of the leading men of the London world of letters were amongst the number. Rogers descended, the young man was introduced, and the breakfast was served. Some literary matters came under discussion, pending the after introduction of the young poet's book.

With the gravest of faces, after a few minutes, Lamb said: "I d-don't think, g-gentlemen, I h-have ever r-repeated to you one of my b-best poems. What s-say? Will you h-have it?" Nobody quite understood what was coming, but all could read the mischievous flash in the eye that was usually so kindly; and the demand for the poem was general.

Lamb quietly repeated, word for word, one of the poems from the young man's book. The key was furnished to the rest, when they saw the young poet [illegible] chair, as astonished as if thunderstruck, and as helpless as if paralyzed. Loud cheers, clapping of hands and demands for more. Lamb bowed his thanks, pretended not to remember anything else that he had written lately, and then, under urging, repeated another, and yet another of the poems from the young man's book—the budding poet showing symptoms of doubt whether he had really written the poems up to that time he had believed he had—until he heard a man declaiming them and claiming them for his own; a man who could not even have seen his unpublished book. Louder cheers, and a still louder demand for yet another. The fun, with the "old uns" now thoroughly instructed, began to grow "fast and furious." Lamb, who had previously retained his sitting position, now rose and said: "G-gentlemen, I h-have only been g-giving you s-some of l-little bits of m-my p-poetry, but I h-have a p-poem that I am a little p-proud of. I w-wrote it a g-good m-many years ago. This is h-how it begins:

"Of m-man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden t-ree, whose mortal taste
Brought d-death into the world, with all our woe"—

The recitation was doomed to go no further. For the previous few minutes the young poet, crazed with wonder, and yet in some way aware that in some unaccountable way he was being robbed—had simply been tearing his hair. But at this juncture he could restrain himself no longer. He sprang to his feet, his face ablaze, and burst out:

"Gentlemen, this is too much! I have sat here, gentlemen, and heard that man repeat poem after poem of mine, and I have borne it. But when I hear him claim the opening lines of Milton's 'Paradise Lost'"—

That address, too, was doomed to be cut short, like the recitation. Rogers averred that never beneath his roof, with all the merry madness that that breakfast-table knew, had such a storm of laughter and applause gone over it as finished that speech and sent the young man to his chair—for the time little less than an absolute maniac—under the pressure of Lamb's crowning atrocity.

How They Call It.

Mrs. Smallwit—"Such a lovely afternoon. Wish I could take a drive!"

Mr. Goodheart (consolingly)—"Wait till next summer and I'll take you to ride in my automobile."

Mrs. S.—"Why wait till summer to get an autumn-obile?"

Mr. G. (innocently)—"It's aut-o m' ability to get one now." (Exit.—S. E.)

Gov. Tanner and party, of Illinois, were in Chattanooga this week. They came to dedicate their State monument at Chicamauga park.